

# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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# Scoop!

MARY E. McDOUGLE

*Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1943-1944*

I STOOD AND REGARDED THE DOOR WITH AWE. IT WAS A very ordinary door except for a sign which read, "FABIAN SEVITSKY—NO ADMITTANCE!" The famed conductor of the Indianapolis Symphony had just completed a concert in our local auditorium, and as my first assignment for the high school newspaper I was to interview him. My hands clenched and unclenched nervously, and I chewed my lower lip for moral support.

"Don't be a jerk!" snapped Ruthie, one of the two friends who had come backstage with me to bolster my spirits. "Jeepers, if I had a chance to talk to a celebrity I wouldn't just stand here looking like an anemic goldfish."

"Sure!" chimed in Anne. "Besides, you can't think only of yourself. Think of the paper. They're depending on you to get a good story, and you're going to back out on them."

"You have no school spirit," said Ruthie, grieved.

"Would you go in with me?" I demanded indignantly.

"Well-ll," faltered Ruthie for a moment.

"Sure thing!" Anne burst in finally. "We'll all go in so you won't be scared, and we'll get to meet him in the bargain."

Before we could discuss the matter any further, a plump, suave man stepped from the dressing room and said in a silky voice, "Members of the press may enter."

"M'gosh," I thought, "I'm a member of the press—imagine that!"

Amidst a throng of hard-bitten reporters I was shoved and pushed along into the dressing room. Knowing that my friends were at my heels, I was no longer nervous. Confidently, I elbowed myself through until I stood right before the celebrity, himself.

"Get a load of that," I whispered to Ruthie.

She didn't answer, so I turned around to find her—no Ruthie, no Anne, no anybody except me and a lot of people I didn't know. Helplessly, I clutched my pencil and pad of paper.

Mr. Sevitsky didn't help in calming my panic. He was attired in a long, black evening cape which covered his black dress-suit. His hair was a shiny blue-black and grew down into sideburns. His intense, black eyes were shadowed by thick, black brows. "Egad!" I thought suddenly. "He looks exactly like Dracula!" It wasn't a comforting thought.

The interview began as Mr. Sevitsky asked us what papers we represented. "*News-Gazette*," boomed a deep voice; "*Evening Courier*," came



another with assurance. When my turn came I squeaked out in the best voice I could muster, "*The Urbana High School Echo*"—then, as an after-thought, "Sir." An undercurrent of amusement flitted through the group. Even Mr. Sevitsky smiled, but to me it seemed a menacing leer.

In my confusion I dropped the pencil upon which I had been diligently chewing. Gallantly, Mr. Sevitsky stooped to retrieve it. At the same moment I also bent down to find it. Our heads met with a resounding crack. Dazed, Mr. Sevitsky reeled backwards and was steadied by his press agent. I reclined on the floor for a split-second, then hurriedly scrambled to my feet as pin wheels spun in my head.

"My dear young lady, are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Sevitsky, without a trace of displeasure.

"Golly no—it was a pleasure," I murmured foolishly in confusion. The crowd of reporters could no longer restrain themselves, but broke into hilarious laughter. I could feel the red starting at my ears and creeping swiftly over my entire face.

When the laughter had subsided, the questions began, and I industriously scribbled bits of nothing in my notebook. Mr. Sevitsky finally turned towards me and inquired kindly, "Would you care to ask about anything?"

"Heavens no," I responded, in what I supposed a gracious manner. "I've heard more than enough!"

Once again I had blundered. Miserably I listened to the laughter about me. As far as reporting went, I was an all-time flop.

The interview ended and we started out. Before I reached the door, however, Mr. Sevitsky put his hand on my shoulder.

"You have never had an interview before?"

"N-No, sir!" I croaked.

"You do not do badly—not badly at all—run along now."

I stumbled through the door. Ruthie and Anne each grabbed one of my arms and started to question me rapidly.

"Were you scared?"

"What did he say?"

Haughtily, I drew myself up to my full height—which wasn't much—and answered with dignity, "Naturally I wasn't scared, and he said plenty which you may read in the next issue of the *Echo*."

I professionally placed the pencil behind my ear as we started to walk away—a reporter was born!

# My First Venal Puncture

DELORES GOEFFERT

*Rhetoric II, Theme 3, 1943-1944*

"TODAY YOU'RE GOING TO LEARN TO DO VENAL PUNCTURES. Since you may have to do an emergency Kahn or a cross-match for a transfusion, you'd better know how to draw blood." My head felt light, and my stomach fluttered. To my mind came the memory of my own blood test. Dr. White had said, "There's nothing to it. I'll take 5 cc. of blood, and you'll never know it." I didn't. I was lying flat on the floor, oblivious to venal punctures, when he had finished.

What if someone should faint when I took blood from him? What if I should? It would be easy to kill someone. If I should let the syringe slip apart and then inject air into a vein, someone would have a fancy death. I could see his eyes dilating, his body thrusting forward convulsively, his face turning livid with his gaspings as the clot came to his heart.

"You'd better know how to draw blood." I wasn't sure I wanted to learn, but since it was a case of or else—I picked up my tray with its cotton, alcohol, tourniquet, and syringe and prepared to do my first venal puncture.

"You can practice on me. The technique involved is very simple; I can tell you what to do as you're doing it to me."

The thought of doing my first puncture on my boss made my knees sound like castanets, but I decided I'd not be prejudiced about whom I'd kill. "Clench your fist, please." I picked up the tourniquet, stretched it around her upper arm, and hoped I hadn't pinched her. With my left index finger and thumb, I stretched the skin of the forearm; with my right hand, I swabbed the vein with alcohol, took the syringe, shoved the needle through the thick dermal layer of the skin and felt for the actual puncture of the vein. I couldn't feel a thing. Had I missed the vein? Had I gone through it to the tissue?

Before I had time to be afraid, the blood rushed in, swathing the plunger with its black-redness. With my eye on the needle, and my knees keeping up a conga beat, I pulled slowly, slowly on the plunger. The deep red liquid rolled thickly back, back to the 5 cc. mark. With my eye still on the needle, I grabbed the loose end of the tourniquet and let it fall to the floor. Calmly I placed the cotton over the needle as I removed it from the vein.

"Double up your arm, and keep your hand open," I heard my voice say.

I forced the blood into a sterile tube and rinsed the syringe. As I washed my hands, the soothing effect of the cool water over my wrists couldn't compare with the effect of what my boss was saying: "That was the smoothest puncture I've ever felt; you didn't forget a thing."



# My Favorite Relative

LILLIAN VIDOVICH

*Rhetoric I, Final Examination, 1943-1944*

ONE MEMBER OF MY FAMILY CLAIMS ABSOLUTE DISTINCTION, being different not only from all other Vidoviches, but from the rest of the world as well—owning an unequalled, charming, and unique personality. He is my thoughtful, absent-minded, and kind-hearted Uncle Johnny, who takes life as it comes, always giving, and never asking anything in return. He is as meek as a lamb, and you can tell his insides just turn to putty when my three-year-old cousin Marthanne hugs him. This is really quite a sight, since he weighs all of two hundred pounds and has a reputation in the Carnegie Steel Mills of being “the toughest foreman on the line.” His muscles bulge and his chest expansion surpasses most others, yet when his thick, black hair curls up in little ringlets when he perspires, and he looks out at you with his big, dreamy, brown eyes, you get the feeling that this is a man who couldn’t hurt a fly.

Uncle Johnny believes in the old saying, “The best things in life are free.” He gets most of his pleasure when he strolls through the country, or plays with the children or the dog. As a result, he is quite a contrast to my other, well-dressed uncles, who have put their money to good use, owning now both automobiles and summer cottages—one even recently having purchased a small plane. Each payday, Johnny still turns his pay check over to my grandmother, arguing patiently, “But I don’t need it!” Of course, my grandmother doesn’t offer too much resistance.

One of the most charming tricks of his personality, however, is his amazing aptitude for daydreaming. Every so often at dinner, someone will initiate a particularly interesting topic of conversation that highly excites everyone. No one is surprised when Johnny remains calm, cool, and quiet, emitting no sound save a few occasional grunts. And when the excitement has subsided, and the topic has been shifted three times over, Johnny finally rises and says, “Yes, Dan, you are absolutely right. I am in perfect agreement.” This sudden awakening is usually followed by howls of laughter from the family, and the tips of Johnny’s ears turn scarlet; but it is not long before he joins in the laughter.

Johnny is forty-three years old, but Grandmother still waits up for him when he goes out. Of the ten people in the family, he is the only one who rates this annoying privilege. Normally, this would irk any man, but he is so good-natured that when he gets home, he merely chuckles, kisses Grandmother on the nose, and sends her up to bed. I am continually amazed at his congeniality.

# Fourth-Grade Celebrity

PHYLLIS RARICK

*Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1943-1944*

"CATHIE."

I knew it must be Mildred, but I felt disinclined to wait, and so ignored the call.

"Wait for me. Wa-a-ait!"

She knew I had heard that time, so I stopped. I didn't even turn around, but stood motionless, looking straight ahead and thinking of some nasty remark with which to greet her. Mother had insisted that I take an umbrella, and I was still cross.

"Slow-poke," I sulked as she approached, and was about to say more when she interrupted me.

"'ve got something to tell you!" She was excited. "A new girl's coming from Lincoln School."

"What's so wonderful about that?" I retorted with feigned boredom.

"Her name's Wanda something-or-other, I think," she added, downcast.

"Wanda Lee?" The umbrella was forgotten. "You mean that Wanda is coming to *our* school? Are you sure? How do *you* know?" I barraged her with questions.

Mildred was a bit confused and asked where the fire was. She was new that year and couldn't have been expected to know about Wanda. Learning, however, of the newcomer's broad fame, she too became excited.

We told everyone we met, and before we reached school we had gathered a small convention of girls. Although Wanda Lee's mark of distinction was familiar to every school girl for blocks and blocks, not one of us had actually seen her.

"Do you s'pose she'll have a chauffeur drive her to school?"

"She'll probably be stuck-up."

"And be teacher's pet, too!"

Arriving at school, we divided into groups to await her coming and to discuss her more fully. Mary thought she would be late and Dottie didn't think she would come at all. Then Miss Benkendorf came out with a pig-tailed child.

"Children, this is Wanda Lee," she said, pushing Wanda forward and telling us to show how happy we were to have her come to our school.

We were a little disappointed because Wanda had freckles and brown braids and because her clothes weren't nicer than our own. She looked as scared as Helen had the day before, when she led us in prayer at Sunday School. Even so we stood in awe before her. Her cousin had lived next door to Shirley Temple!



# A Child Speaks

BEE KINCH

*Rhetoric II, Theme 2, 1943-1944*

AS A CHILD SEES, HE SPEAKS. HE DOES NOT ADD TO OR subtract from what meets his eyes, or go into realms of description; he tells simply and beautifully about what he encounters in his fanciful everyday world.

My younger brother, Johnny, like all other children of five, had a very small vocabulary; and in order to express his ideas he had to make every little word that he possessed count.

Size to Johnny wasn't to be measured by inches, feet, or yards, but by comparison to objects he was familiar with. One day he came scurrying into my bedroom, and, pouncing on my bed, informed me of a new discovery.

"I have found a toad," he announced proudly, "and he is very beautiful with legs like a fried chicken."

Knowing I was expected to show interest, even at eight o'clock in the morning, I asked him, "How big is he?"

Johnny's eyebrows laced together in childish concentration, and his reply came slow and deliberate.

"Well, he isn't as big as a coal and he isn't as small as a dust. I guess he must be the size of a baby stone."

I knew that most ordinary toads were approximately two inches by three, excluding legs, but I also knew that the "size of a baby stone" was much more descriptive of Johnny's toad.

Many times I would take Johnny on hikes with me. He would trudge along without saying a word, but I knew that his mind was wrapping itself around all the hidden secrets of country life that are visible only to a child's eyes.

One day he was particularly quiet; and as I was afraid that he wasn't enjoying himself, I asked him if he wanted to go home. His answer, very abrupt and to the point, was simply "No." Hoping then to get him into a more talkative mood, I began a lengthy explanation of why I liked the country. Johnny, apparently disgusted with my trite descriptions of nature, finally said, "That isn't why I like the country."

"Why do you like the country, then, Johnny?"

"I like the country because it's so peaceful. Out here the quiet just goes sliding along."

With that he was silent once more, but I felt that all the writing about why people like the country had been compressed into one simple, childish statement, "Out here the quiet just goes sliding along."



Johnny, different from most five-year-olds, rarely showed interest in domestic animals; so, I was surprised one afternoon to find him stretched out on the living-room floor, studying our large grey cat. The cat was lying circled in a chair across the room, unaware of the intent, black eyes staring at her. Since Johnny ignored me, I sat down, hoping to find a reason for the sudden interest. Soon Johnny called to the cat, and as she lazily slipped across the room to him, Johnny's face told me that he had made a new discovery.

"Did you know, Bee, that a cat sleeps fat and walks thin?" He was right, of course. I had not before realized that our cat really looked like quite a chunky bit of meat when she was curled up asleep, but that the instant she stretched out her body to take a step she looked lean and lithe.

According to Johnny, Abraham Lincoln looked like a kind man because he had "happy eyebrows." Babies were nice because they were "soft like milkweed silk," stuffed olives were olives "with little red tail lights," and rain "winked in the puddles."

Many people feel that a child does not worry about any one thing very long because his mind is not yet mature enough to accept the ugliness of living. I feel that it is because a child's mind is too full of the sweetness and beauty he finds in the common life surrounding him. He makes beautiful by thoughts and words the things that an adult mind would find ugly and detestable. When a child speaks, the world becomes richer in beautiful expression.

### Shorty's Sister

"EVERYBODY SMOKES EL GARCIO CIGARS." As Shorty Wikler read these words, he pounded his fist into a tattered catcher's mitt. "I ain't got nothin' against those cigars, but some folks have a lotta crust buildin' an advertisin' signboard right in the middle of our ball field! How do they expect us to lick the Killers Sunday if we're gonna hafta dodge posts every time someone slaps a fly ball?"

Shorty, who had just turned twelve, spat into his mitt, stuck his tongue out at his younger sister, and muttered, "Aw, hell!"

Both surveyed the sign seriously. At length, the little girl looked up at her brother. "I know. It's all my fault!" she blurted. "Everything that happens to your ole team, you blame on me. Why don't you pick on some of the fellas?"

With that disgusted look which only an older brother can give, he countered, "Listen, Baggy, I hate to see ya bawl like this, but you know how many times I've told you to stay away when we're playin' ball. When you come around, sumpin's bound to happen. You're a jinx, that's what you are! Now scat!"

When Shorty got home that night, Baggy was nowhere to be seen. In the parlor he heard his Mom and Dad conversing softly. He learned that Baggy had left soon after dark, declaring she had something important to attend to. "The damn jinx!" he said, as he slipped under the covers. You see, he didn't know that Dad's new ax was gone, too. — SID FREEDMAN

# 12 Million Black Voices

## by Richard Wright

BERNICE RICHTER

*Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1943-1944*

THE NEGRO PROBLEM IS ONE THAT HAS BEEN CONSIDERED again and again, but never, in my estimation, has it been dealt with so forcefully and clearly as it is in Richard Wright's *12 Million Black Voices*. Speaking always in terms of *we* and *us*, for the author is himself a Negro, Wright relates the folk history of the Negro in the United States in prose as beautiful and as stirring as poetry. Interwoven in the pages of the book are numerous photographs which were secured, selected, edited, and arranged by Edwin Rosskam. These photographs, placed dramatically and effectively throughout the book, aid immeasurably in telling Wright's story. They, as much as the written words, show deep understanding of the black race's courage and pain, hopes and fears. Thus, together, Wright and Rosskam weave this narrative.

Since the Negro problem is a complex one, Wright simplifies the matter by disregarding that group of Negroes who have lifted themselves above the rest. He does this not because he underestimates their achievements, but because he considers them as exceptions and the remaining majority as normal and typical. It is the common Negro who is dealt with in this book.

Wright begins his tale with the enforced departure of the contented Negro from his African civilization and carries it through to the hardships and discriminations he endures today. Three hundred years are spanned in his tale of cultural devastation, slavery, physical suffering, unrequited longing, abrupt emancipation, migration, disillusionment, bewilderment, unemployment, and insecurity. Wright's story tells simply and effectively that the countless discriminations against the Negro must stop; that this country cannot exist half slave and half free; that the Negro deserves and must have a share in the upward march of the country he helped build with his own hands.

Throughout his existence in the United States the Negro has been used as a tool to build up the white man's power, but he has never been allowed to share in the white man's wealth. As a result of this, the white man, in comparing his gentility to the Negro's degradation, decided that his was a God-sanctioned, white civilization. There arose a paternalistic code of casual cruelty toward the Negro which has become a national tradition, dominating all black and white relations throughout the country to this day. The feeling is that the Negro should rightfully be held in subjugation.



There is irony in the fact that those who deny the Negro his rights are willing to imitate his songs, dances, and clothes fashions. That is because so many white people feel, down deep in their hearts, just as the Negro does. In the songs of the Negro there are a hunger for life, a love of the sensual, and a feeling of fear and uneasiness. "Swing" reveals the tension of his life, and "boogie-woogie" his nervousness and exhaustion. His love of color goes into clothes. People say that only the Negro can dance. But white people do not believe that the energy and the talents of the Negro can also be applied to industry, finance, education, aviation, and art.

The one hope that the Negro clings to is an image of what life can be for him. All he wants is a fair deal—the right to earn his living and live in peace without being constantly reminded that his skin is colored. Certainly he has earned the right to have an equal share in America. Especially now, when the cornerstone of our creed in the present war is the equality of all men, are racial injustices a menace.

I believe, as Wright does, that America would be a stronger and greater nation today had the Negro been allowed to participate in her national growth, and that she will be stronger and greater in the future if he is given the opportunities he longs for.

## The Last Half Hour

FRED LEDERER

*Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1943-1944*

THE DAY HAD BEEN SCORCHING AND HAD TAKEN AL-  
most an eternity in ending. And the night was even worse. It lay like a warm, moist, woollen blanket, choking and suffocating all movement. The "orderly station" buried deep within the hospital walls simmered in the heavy night air. The "girlie" pictures seemed to wiggle and dance on the walls, and the paint itself appeared to change its colors alternately from bright yellow, to pale orange, and then to red, reminding the boy of soup boiling on the stove. Within the station sat three men around a wooden table, two older men and a teen-aged boy. The older men were playing rummy, and the game seemed to the boy to be very uninteresting, as both players would lean back in their chairs after every play and blow heavily as if fighting for air. The time passed sluggishly. Finally the clock struck 11:30. The boy raised himself slowly from the sticky surface of the chair and walked silently over to the open window and leaned out. Above him, all was quiet in the mammoth hospital, towering far up into the torrid darkness. Here and there, small lights blinked quietly on and off, and the sparkling of the pin points of light created a moving pattern on the dark surface.

"Enough's enough; I'm tired of this whole damn racket," said the red-faced orderly, wiping the perspiration from his arms and head with a red bandanna. "Say, listen, Bill, you're not doing much. Will you finish this trick for me? If Miss Wood calls, tell her I'm in the West Building. Man, I certainly need the sleep, and tomorrow looks like a scorcher." And with that, the larger of the two men at the table laboriously got up, adjusted his white outfit, lighted a cigarette, and walked out. The slamming of the swinging door echoed and resounded down the long corridor, and then quiet settled down again.

"Tell ya what, Johnny, you don't mind if I do the same, do you? Everything's quiet tonight, and Emergency said it didn't want those trays from the sterilizer till tomorrow anyway. The only thing left is that polio in 405 East Wing; they need more serum and may call down for it later. Oh, ya, the morgue called and said to get that report on Mr. White, but there's nobody down there now, so leave it at the desk." Again the door slammed and the echo jumped and rebounded down the corridor. All became quiet, except for the buzzing of a lone unhappy fly looking for candy. Then far in the distance the deep, resonant sound of a car came through the window, and, trailing it, the high-pitched scream of a siren. The boy sat upright, forgetting his dreams; he pushed a movie magazine aside and reached for the phone.

"Orderly, orderly, emergency at ambulance entrance, emergency ambulance entrance." A feminine voice coming shrilly over the loudspeakers system broke the brooding silence. The boy jumped up quickly and bolted through the door and down the long corridor filled with odd-shaped shadows cut by the fluorescent lighting. The boy ran past the physical therapy department, past the X-ray and blood laboratories, and onto the ambulance entrance platform. "Here, Johnny, get the surgical cart and plenty of sheets and the large, ten cc. syringe," whispered the nurse to the boy. Silently the boy sped on his errands and was back in a few moments. The white cart with its spotless sheets and covering stood next to the ambulance. Competently the boy wheeled the cart up to the rear of the ambulance, whose door now swung open. A tall interne on emergency duty motioned to the boy, and together they lifted the patient onto the cart. A white, stricken face glanced upward for a moment and quickly buried itself in a pillow. "It's a miscarriage with hemorrhage, Johnny. Get her up to Operating in a hurry and take the chart with you. Hey, the surgical assistant's off tonight and they're going to need you to pitch in. How about it?" And with that, the interne hurried away to call the Night Surgical Nurse.

Later, while the cart moved quietly along the floor, a low soft whistle escaped the boy as he glanced upward at a large clock on the wall. And the words, "Only 12:00 now. What a night!" were faintly audible to the nurse accompanying the cart.



# I Don't Feel That Way Anymore!

HELEN LEPOVITZ

*Rhetoric II, Final Examination, 1943-1944*

I USED TO HAVE THAT FEELING ABOUT HIM, BUT IT IS gone. Have you ever had first impressions of a person that made you catalog him as one distinct type or another and no more? I did. I attended one week of rhetoric classes, and thought, "That rhetoric instructor is a rhetoric instructor and no more." Now, I have changed my tune. I sing, "He's a rhetoric instructor and he's human, too!"

A new college—a new instructor—rhetoric after a lapse of time—I really didn't know what to expect. I went to classes and discovered that I should have expected grammar study, spelling again, and no end of composition. The instructor came to classes as regularly as I did. He was punctual and always in the same good humor. At every class meeting he took roll in the same deliberate manner. Assignments were always definite and precise. Whatever work he assigned for one hour was discussed and taken care of in one hour. He explained grammar rules, he dictated spelling words, he lectured on how to write book reviews, he read book reviews, he explained deductive and inductive reasoning, he defined exposition and dwelled upon it, and he talked about narration, description, and argumentation. It was routine rhetoric, definitely routine and definitely rhetoric. Then came a terrific rhetoric landslide!

Some will say that first impressions are lasting ones, but I am now capable of defying that statement. My impressions of a rhetoric instructor have not lasted. During Rhetoric 2, I found out not only that my instructor knew rhetoric, but also that he was human. In Rhetoric 2, I discovered that his interests were not in rhetoric alone. He could talk politics, he could lecture on the Bible, and he had read a great deal on public utilities. On one occasion, he knew that Leoncavallo had written "I Pagliacci." When discussing sports, he not only knew of present day sportsmen, but he was also acquainted with those of years gone by. When I questioned the authenticity of my research reference, he knew whether it was authentic or not. He entered into discussions of the war and its campaigns. He quoted statistics on unemployment. Whatever the subject brought up in class, he showed himself interested and well informed in it. And his knowledge did not submerge his humanness.

When I had a conference with him, I found it as simple to enjoy a cigarette with him as with a close friend. If he didn't agree with my theme subject, his defiance was pleasing and interesting. When he incorrectly pluralized *louse* as *louses*, he laughed at his own mistake. I learned that he

can ask you about your boy friend, and remember anything you may say. If he doesn't agree with you on a topic of conversation, he will argue with you. He is human in his choice of food for breakfast, too. He even reads the paper over his breakfast table, while he has his after-meal cigarette. He has loved ones in the service, and he has letter writing to do.

Rhetoric 2 may have presented its principles of rhetoric and composition to me; it also acquainted me with an instructor with a heart. A toast to the man who lives not in rhetoric alone, but who has delved into various and numerous subjects, and who laughs easily, argues firmly, defies pleasingly, and talks interestingly.

## "We or They"

GERALDINE SUTZER

*Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1943-1944*

FIVE YEARS BEFORE THE TREACHERY OF PEARL HARBOR, when America was blissfully oblivious to all but her own snug borders, one man sat down in New York City and contemplated her future in connection with the discrepancies of the peace in 1918, her relations as a democracy with dictatorships, and the inevitability of a second world war. Not only a keen intellect and a piercing vision made Hamilton Fish Armstrong aware of these vital matters, but also an unusually broad background of political and professional years abroad in the company of elected leaders in all corners of Europe; of trusted and revered kings in their glory; of attic-confined ex-premiers; of magnetic, showy, and convincing dictators; of thundering, passion-ridden, cause-conscious crowds; and marching men—"shouting or grim, desperate for bread, entranced by a slogan, on fire for a leader, in delirium for freedom won, in relief for freedom lost."

As a man who had watched such a confusion of struggling men and systems, he wrote a speculation, *We or They*, of the relative merits of democracy and dictatorship, of the possibility of ever establishing tolerable relations between the two, and of the duration of such an arrangement. Armstrong realized the vantage point which his actual experience abroad—in 1918 as Acting Military Attaché of the American Legation at Belgrade, Serbia, and in 1921 and 1922 as a special correspondent in Eastern Europe—gave him; and through the medium of this book and others such as *The New Balkans*, *Where the East Begins*, *Foreign Affairs Bibliography*,



*Hitler's Reich, Europe Between Wars, Can We Be Neutral?, The Foreign Policy of the Powers*, etc., he did his best to inform the American public of the threat to their position in world affairs, a position both superior and rare.

Although all of Armstrong's books were powerfully written, authentically derived, and reasonably presented, they had little effect on the people as a whole. It took a sneak plan, a below-the-belt punch, the loss of American life and blood to awaken America.

In his attempt to clarify America's status in relation to other forms of government, Armstrong stated, "Most Americans, ranking governments by their ability to afford the greatest number the greatest material good, still consider democracy best able to do this, and without the spiritual sacrifice which the dictators exact." Then he proceeded to air his suspicion of the instability of the then-peaceful relations with the query, "Can tolerably satisfactory relations ever in fact be established between peoples free and peoples in chains? Is not the gulf too wide?" He believed that as the tide rushed on from one vortex to another—the invasion of Manchuria, the Dolfuss murder, the scrapping of Locarno, the fall of Addis Ababa, Fascist planes over Madrid—the question became more acute. Even though tolerable relations be established, can it be for long? Is not the gulf too deep?

Even in 1937, Armstrong predicted our present war as the only logical outcome, for with the radical changes made by dictatorships, within their own borders, and with their semi-camouflaged intentions toward other nations, it was only natural there would be misunderstanding.

To impress further upon his reader the absolute and final superiority of democracy, Armstrong waived the few worthy economic changes made by dictatorial governments, and the beautifully glorified opinions of themselves of the "Master Races," to expose the loss of individual wills and separate destinies—crushed irrevocably under the steamroller of the totalitarian state. With startling clarity and truth he clinched his argument thus, "We must guard zealously the rights of our scholars and teachers to carry forward the stream of civilized thought; love art for art's sake and honor science when it seeks the truth; and encourage and protect the rights of assembly and speech and the freedom of the press, remembering what a wise Chinese philosopher says, that 'while the Fascists regard the press as a nuisance and therefore suppress it, the believers in democracy also regard the freedom of the press as a nuisance and thank God they have so glorious a nuisance.'"

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# Hardships of War Correspondents In World War I

ELAINE SELL

*Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1943-1944*

IT WAS DURING THE GREAT WAR THAT NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENCE ceased to be a happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care type of job and came to be recognized as a practical business. Floyd Gibbons, Richard Harding Davis, and some of the other members of the "old school" were among the very first correspondents in Europe after the Bosnian assassination of 1914. They roamed the Continent in characteristic manner, picking up stories right and left without method. Gradually, however, restrictions were laid, and the patented, 20th Century news correspondent arose. He was tested and tabulated on military records and was subject to regulations on all sides.<sup>1</sup> This stereotyped way of securing news would have been completely colorless had not some of the men and women who covered Europe during the Great War injected the vividness of their own personalities into their dispatches. Irvin S. Cobb, John T. McCutcheon, Heywood Broun, Webb Miller, Ring Lardner, and Will Irwin were only a few of the men whose dispatches the nation read with relish. America, used to the lavish extravagance of Richard Harding Davis, considered the life of a war correspondent an exciting and glamorous business but came gradually to realize that the job of news gathering was not always easy.

News gathering during the war involved a great many problems, but perhaps the one which was foremost in the minds of the correspondents was that of getting to the front. Most men eventually agreed that coverage from Paris could be much more thorough and accurate than a front line report, but the urge to get to the point of action drove each newsman to seek a way to the battlefield. Early in the war, as reporters, feature men, and adventurers swarmed into Europe from the United States, all newspaper men were considered civilians and were treated as such if found around the lines. Those captured by the French were driven back to Paris, but the British were somewhat more lenient.<sup>2</sup> Germans, Austrians, French, and British allowed occasional, well-guarded trips to the front. These days of free lancing and independent work soon passed, however, to be replaced by a time referred to by correspondents as the "dark ages."<sup>3</sup> It was a time when re-

<sup>1</sup>William G. Shepard, "The Free Lance and the Faker," *Everybody's Magazine*, XXXVI (March, 1917), p. 346.

<sup>2</sup>William G. Shepard, "Confessions of a War Correspondent," *Everybody's Magazine*, XXXVI (February, 1917), p. 172.

<sup>3</sup>Shepard, "The Free Lance and the Faker," p. 337.



strictions were especially heavy, and newsmen could only sit in Paris or behind the German lines and transmit official communiques. With the coming of the American Expeditionary Force, correspondents were accredited.<sup>4</sup> The men who were chosen to travel with the American army were allowed almost complete freedom behind the lines, whereas the men with the British and French armies were accompanied constantly by Press Officers. Irvin S. Cobb, who covered the war for *The Saturday Evening Post*, reports, "Especially the French doubted the dependability of journalists, their own journalists included."<sup>5</sup> Cobb goes on to tell how the French maintained two bureaus to issue front line permits. One was a civilian bureau, the other was composed of military personnel, and the chief duty of each was to countermand orders issued by the other.<sup>6</sup>

The big decision of whether to journey to the front in the quest of front line features and a chance of a correct interpretation of the battle, or to remain behind the lines in the hope of receiving more complete news, lay with each correspondent individually. William G. Shepard, reporting for the United Press, often found himself up against the fact that the Great War was too big to be seen. He tells of one time when he journeyed forth, discontent with inaction in Paris, only to spend several days at Villers-Cotterets, write three insignificant features, and return to Paris. He discovered several days later, from an official communique, that Villers-Cotterets, while he had been there, was the pivot of a turning movement in the battle along the Aisne.<sup>7</sup> Often the American people knew, through communiques, of military actions long before the reporter in the midst of the battle was able to clarify his facts sufficiently to file a story or even to understand the situation himself.<sup>8</sup>

With the influx of Americans into Europe at the start of the war came many men who were seeking adventure and who sacrificed their personal integrity in order to send to the American people wildly imaginative stories of chaos on the Continent. They sent back stories of German atrocities in Belgium which were so wild that responsible correspondents could not match them. The stories of honest men seemed tame compared to the wonderful tales of the fakers. In one instance, when several responsible men had discovered a way to get through the French lines by buying a ticket to Dunkirk and laying low in a railroad station until the train left, a faker was informed of the scheme. The whole situation sounded interesting to him, and he promptly made it the subject of a personal narrative—telling how he had gone to Dunkirk—and cabled it to the United States. The story, which was completely faked, found its way back to France, and several correspondents

<sup>4</sup>Frank L. Mott, *American Journalism* (New York, 1941), p. 620.

<sup>5</sup>Irvin S. Cobb, *Exit Laughing* (New York, 1941), p. 175.

<sup>6</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>7</sup>Shepard, "Confessions of a War Correspondent," p. 172.

<sup>8</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 175.

were blacklisted by the French government.<sup>9</sup> The fakers not only misled the American people and caused them to suspect the ability of the capable correspondents, but also deceived authorities so much that privileges had to be denied to all newspaper men.

Added to the difficulties of securing news in Europe was the always present element of personal risk and hardship for the newsmen. For the most part, the correspondents were not in the front line of danger, although those men assigned to field headquarters of the press section always followed the battles and were situated in the town nearest the fight where telegraph facilities could be obtained. Another factor which led to danger was the ever-present desire for a new twist to an old story. Men went over the top in raids just to be able to tell America how it felt; others flew over the lines to record the sensation. One man flew from Frankfort to Berlin just after the armistice was signed so that he could turn in his story of how it felt to be the first Allied representative in Germany. Maude Radford Warren, who wrote for *The Saturday Evening Post*, is often said to have seen more actual fighting than any other woman in France, just so that she might be able to write intelligently about it.<sup>10</sup>

As a result, both of their daring and of their routine reporting, many correspondents were killed and injured. Henry Beach Needham of *Colliers* was killed in an airplane crash, and Patrick L. Jones of INS drowned on the *Lusitania*.<sup>11</sup> Floyd Gibbons lost an eye, Walter C. Wiffen of AP was wounded in Russia, and Robert T. Small of AP almost lost his life in the Somme.<sup>12</sup>

When not in actual danger the newsmen often submitted to much inconvenience and personal hardship as they covered the war. Don Martin of the New York *Herald* died of exposure and overwork, and many more men who were unable to take the rigorous life came near to dying from illness contracted from exposure due to their rundown physical condition.<sup>13</sup> But these men were the front line men—the men who cabled daily stories to the syndicates and major newspapers of America. For the feature men, the men who wrote only mail stories, the men who covered special assignments, and the men who traveled with regular divisions, life was not so hard.<sup>14</sup> William Shepard, in one report, says, "I slept in forty different beds in Belgium, France, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, and Galicia in a total of sixty consecutive nights, and not one bed was a poor one."<sup>15</sup> F. Tennyson Jesse, woman feature writer for *Colliers*, does not report any acute personal

<sup>9</sup>Shepard, "The Free Lance and the Faker," p. 337 ff.

<sup>10</sup>"War Correspondents' Job Was Not a Soft Snap," *Literary Digest*, LXII (July, 1919), p. 67.

<sup>11</sup>Mott, *op. cit.*, p. 621.

<sup>12</sup>Oliver Gramling, *AP; the Story of News* (New York, 1940), p. 267.

<sup>13</sup>"War Correspondents' Job Was Not a Soft Snap," *Literary Digest*, p. 68.

<sup>14</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>15</sup>Shepard, "Confession of a War Correspondent," p. 180.

discomfort—only a general disillusionment: "There is no glamor about a war correspondent's life. It is simply depressing, with a deadly depression that eats into the soul. For the few times one makes good with a fairly big story there are weeks of profitless waiting, of gloom, rain, squalor and maddening uncertainty."<sup>16</sup>

Once the hardships of securing the news were successfully combatted there remained only the censor's blue pencil and erratic cable conditions between the war correspondent in Europe and the news editor in America. Censorship was especially unsympathetic and stupid in the early days of the war.<sup>17</sup> This may have been partially due to the fact that American newsmen, their country still uninvolved in war, were extremely hostile to any censoring of the facts. One example of the delays to which dispatches were subject concerns a dispatch sent by a Paris correspondent of an American paper on August 2. It was soon forgotten in the crush of more urgent news until, on August 23, the correspondent got a note from the censor in Paris, where the censors were said to be more human than in London, to the effect that the message filed August 2 was rejected by the censor.<sup>18</sup> In the early days of the war the reporters were sworn enemies of the censors. William Shepard said, "The censors were afraid of the correspondents and the correspondents were afraid of the censor."<sup>19</sup> The newsmen used their ingenuity to try to beat the censors as often as possible. On one occasion Shepard transmitted an entire story in slang;<sup>20</sup> Fred Ferguson of the United Press succeeded in informing his New York office of Archie Roosevelt's injury by a cryptic cable telling them to phone Oyster Bay.<sup>21</sup>

Censorship eventually began to be run on a much more tenable basis. The British and French plans were basically the same. Each country allowed five accredited correspondents to travel with the armies. Each correspondent had a Press Officer, who accompanied him constantly and was his censor. The correspondent could not go anywhere without the consent of an officer or speak to any members of the troops unless an officer was present.<sup>22</sup> Frederick Palmer, who went abroad first for *Everybody's Magazine*, was chosen to represent all the American syndicates with the British army. Later Palmer wrote the section of the United States Field Service Regulations dealing with war correspondents, and he became chief American censor for six months.<sup>23</sup> Under the American system the promotion and suppression of publicity were placed under a common direction, and censorship was more

<sup>16</sup>F. T. Jesse, "Trials of a War Correspondent," *Colliers*, LV (March 20, 1915), p. 21.

<sup>17</sup>Mott, *op. cit.*, p. 623.

<sup>18</sup>"Stifling War Correspondents," *Literary Digest*, XLIX (September 26, 1914), p. 585.

<sup>19</sup>William G. Shepard, "Forty-Two Centimeter Blue Pencil," *Everybody's Magazine*, XXXVI (April, 1917), p. 481 ff.

<sup>20</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>21</sup>Webb Miller, *I Found No Peace* (New York, 1936), p. 85.

<sup>22</sup>"Work of the War Censor," *Literary Digest*, LVII (April 20, 1918), p. 50.

<sup>23</sup>Mott, *op. cit.*, p. 623.



liberal than under the British and French systems. To become an accredited correspondent under the American system the reporter had to produce a bond of \$3,000, and deposit a fund of \$1,000 with the Adjutant General in Washington to be drawn against for his expenses in the field. The correspondents could rent cars for \$60 a week. As far as privileges were concerned, the reporter had the same freedom of movement within the American war zone as a local reporter has in New York City. Dispatches were always brought to the Press Division by the correspondent, who sent them, if approved, in person to New York.<sup>24</sup> Webb Miller pays perhaps the highest tribute a war correspondent can pay to a censor when he says, "The American censorship at the front during the World War was in the hands of men who knew their business."<sup>25</sup>

In the days before American military censorship the correspondent worried not only about passing the censor, but also about favorable cable conditions for the transmission of his dispatches to America. Government messages always took precedence, and there was an extremely great amount of government business. Urgent rates didn't exist, and the syndicates began filing dispatches at the commercial rate of twenty-five cents per word. Filing at this rate caused a great rise in daily cable tolls, and yet was not a dependable means of transmission. Stories to New York were from seventeen to fifty-two hours on the wire. Some stories never reached New York at all. One message from the Russian capital was sixty-two days in transit.<sup>26</sup>

Perhaps the condition that was hardest for the conscientious war correspondent to accept was the continual criticism which reached him from America and England. Typical of the accusations was one made by Mr. Aaron Watson, a distinguished British publicist, who accused the American press of inaccuracy, prejudice, and uninterest in its work.<sup>27</sup> Professor Robert Herrick, back from the war zone, launched his attack against the American correspondents by saying, "I have come to the firm belief that no correspondent or civilian writer has witnessed any real battle of this war. They have all faked more or less obviously. The front is no place for a reporter. Even if by accident the reporter should find himself present during some action he would not know enough to know what it means, still less what significance it had in relation to the vast whole."<sup>28</sup> In the face of these attacks the American foreign press as a whole attempted to uphold its integrity. H. Perry Robinson, a British correspondent, defended the whole trade by saying, "In so far as we may fail to satisfy the public, it is by our inherent incapacity, not by any failing of honesty of purpose or of earnest endeavor."<sup>29</sup>

<sup>24</sup>"Work of the War Censor," *Literary Digest*, p. 52.

<sup>25</sup>Miller, *op. cit.*, p. 40.

<sup>26</sup>Gramling, *op. cit.*, p. 267 ff.

<sup>27</sup>"American Press on the War," *Literary Digest*, LI (September 11, 1915), p. 528 ff.

<sup>28</sup>"Skeleton in the Newspaper Closet," *Literary Digest*, LI (September 18, 1915), pp. 292-93.

<sup>29</sup>H. Perry Robinson, "The War Correspondent and His Work," *Nineteenth Century and After*, LXXXII (December, 1917), p. 1215.

Perhaps the war correspondent didn't, as people at home often said, ever see much war, but he was constantly embroiled in many minor wars of his own. He fought the censor, he fought the cable man, he fought disease and danger, and, for the most part, he fought the very people he was serving. But, in spite of the newspaper man's difficulties, America is generally conceded to have been the nation best informed on the progress of the war.

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## Bullfight

A bullfight is not a sport in the American sense of the word. It is not a contest between the man and the bull but a tragedy with these two playing the leading characters. The bravery of the bull is much admired, and his conduct during the fight is applauded or jeered by the crowd just as is the man's. The most dramatic scene, of course, is the death of the bull. He can be killed a right way or a wrong way. An incorrect killing takes place when the matador exposes himself as little as possible, keeps away from the horns, and places the sword in the bull's neck. In the correct method the matador, after he has tired the bull with his cape work, holds the *muleta* in his left hand close to the bull's face. As he slowly lowers it, the animal's head will follow; and when the bull is in precisely the right position, head lowered and feet together, the matador holds his right arm straight, passes his body over the horns, as close to them as possible, and sinks the sword slowly between the shoulder blades. The two are then seen as one, an intense, passionate picture of life and death.—LYNN WOODWARD

# Don't Trust First Impressions

JAMES CARRUTH

*Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1943-1944*

IT WAS ALL OVER. HIGH SCHOOL WAS FINISHED, AND I was on my way to the University of Illinois almost without realizing it. After years of anticipating and worrying, I was still almost completely unprepared to face the ordeal of entering a new world and of meeting countless strange people. It wasn't until I had actually got on the train that I fully realized that I was entering school a week late, with no idea of how or where to begin. With this realization came an even more terrifying thought. I was going to enter, as a stranger, a house full of boys who were already used to each other. Furthermore, I had forgotten the address and would have to depend upon chance and a kindly taxi-driver to get me there. However, because Champaign isn't a large city, and people actually are friendly, I managed to arrive in a wholesome state of mind.

I glanced at the house as I stepped out of the taxi and then hesitantly trotted up the walk. The door was wide open and inviting, but at this midnight hour no one was there to greet me. Inside, I set my bags down noisily and stood there for a puzzling moment until I saw a bulletin board with my name and room number on it. Once I had found my study room I was afraid to leave it, but realizing that I couldn't stay there all night, I bravely walked out into the hall and stopped dead. Two strange boys, also frozen to attention, were watching me.

One of them at last managed to blurt out, "You must be the new boy!" All I could manage in return was a gurgle and a nod. He offered to guide me to my bed in the dorm. When we had located my little bed in a corner, he remarked, comfortingly, that I was fortunate to have a bed in such an out-of-the-way spot where the drunks wouldn't trip over it. So with this thought in mind, I settled down to a series of unpleasant mental pictures, in place of sleep. The pictures didn't remain mental long.

Some of the fellows had been out celebrating their first week at Illinois with a riotous beer party, and they began to stumble in about fifteen minutes after I had gone to bed. My hearing and my imagination worked overtime to give me an idea of what was happening. The yells and laughter were transformed into roars. Noisy preparations for bed sounded, to me, more like a brawl than anything else. The snatches of conversation which I overheard were enough to make anyone wonder.

"Was Al really crying on your shoulder, or was he just faking?"

"Boy, that Kenny was certainly funny, running around burning everybody with his cigarettes!"



"Is Glen still lying on his face on the front porch, or did someone drag him in?" Altogether, it was enough. My first impressions were terrible.

The dawn came for me the next morning at breakfast. I felt better when I saw a lot of fellows near my own size and age, but I was wondering when the older and bigger guys who had been drunk the night before were going to come down. It was a happy moment when I realized that everyone was already down, and that the "big drunks" of the night before were only the friendly fellows with whom I was having breakfast.

## Brothers!

MARY HOMRIGHOUS

*Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1943-1944*

BROTHERS ARE THE ABSOLUTE END! AT LEAST MINE are. Just because of some silly little accident that wasn't my fault, they have positively refused to take me sailing in their "C" boat again. In fact, they have forbidden me ever again to come within arm's distance of the old thing.

It all happened last August 31, the day of the final sailing races for the season. Pete and Johnny, my brothers, had gotten up before dawn cracked to see that their boat had not been sabotaged during the night. They were dead-sure that the *Lucky Lady*, under their masterful guidance, was going to come in first. Of course, that was the third successive year that the two of them had been dead-sure, and in 1941 and 1942 they hadn't even placed. But if at first . . .

On that fateful day I was just in the middle of my second dessert, when Pete and Johnny combined forces and dragged me away from the lunch table. Without a word they forcibly led me to the pier. At first I thought they were going to drown me, because I had made some slighting remarks about their sailing abilities; but they just quietly, if threateningly, informed me that I was to be the *Lucky Lady's* mascot. Please note this: they asked me; I did not ask them. As no answer was necessary, we jumped into the boat and took her over to the Community Pier, which was to be the starting point for the race. On the way over even Pete and Johnny noticed that there was a very high wind, but they figured that they would let Nature take her course.

Fifteen minutes later the race began. When the pistol was fired, all ten of the boats lunged forward as if they had been pushed. For the first half-a-mile we all remained quite even, but then *Lucky Lady*, along with

*Queenie*, *X*, and *Red Star*, went out in front. Pete and Johnny positively glowed with pride when that happened. Even I smiled, for there I was mascotting a potential winner.

Suddenly the wind became worse. I, sitting on the side of the boat, port, *exactly* where I had been placed so that I would be out of the way, had to hold on for dear life. My pigtails bounced on my back, and my red blouse was so filled with air that I rather resembled a pillow. My blue jeans whipped about my legs. Pete and Johnny began to mutter; I heard something about "light sail" and looked up. I am not exactly an old salt, but I realized that *Lucky Lady's* sail was too light for the wind. I found myself wishing that I had done my mascotting from shore.

Then my mascot spirit came to the fore; I mumbled, "Let it hold! Let it hold!" But my prayers weren't enough, probably because I prefer to sleep in bed rather than in church on Sunday mornings. The sail ripped, and the wind shrieked through the hole. As if a ruined sail weren't enough, the mast began to creak fearfully. I looked at it lovingly, hoping that it too wouldn't fail me. It bent terribly; then it cracked in two, and the upper, useless half swayed downward pointing right at me.

I certainly was not responsible for what happened next; I have no idea how it came about. All of a sudden I found myself in the water underneath the boat. Moreover, I was attached to something. I struggled furiously, kicking and stroking, but I couldn't get loose. As I kept on swallowing more and more water, I began to see horrible pictures of myself as fish food. When approximately one atom of oxygen remained in my lungs, two familiar, if watery, faces came into view, and two pairs of hands snatched my flailing arms. The hands yanked, and I stretched. The hands yanked again, and I was free. I rose to the surface, and the hands pushed me into the *unLucky Lady*. Pete and Johnny pulled themselves back into the boat.

Just as I was discovering that my jeans were backless, Pete and Johnny, looking only a little the worse for the mission of mercy, let out a horrible groan. I looked up to see not just three but all nine boats stretched out ahead of us. Once again I found myself wishing that I were back on shore.

When we arrived at the finish line, half-an-hour later, Pete and Johnny picked me up by the elbows and dropped me on the dock. As no one was within earshot, they informed me in unprintable syllables that I was never again to come near their sacred ship. Never on any condition.

In my defense I wish to say that I am not a witch, who by my cursed presence caused the sail to rip, the mast to break. And I am not of such a perverse nature that I would deliberately attach myself to a ship's rudder and damage it. But Pete and Johnny are in complete agreement about such things: everything that happened that terrible day was my fault—all of which goes to prove that brothers are the ultimate!

# Don't Call It "Shell Shock"

JOYCE OSBORNE

*Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1943-1944*

THE SOLDIER LOOKED TO THE FRONT AGAIN, AND just as he did so, he heard the most terrifying sound he had ever heard in his life—the loud, malicious scream of a big shell—louder than any he had ever heard. Its scream froze and nauseated him, weakened his legs, and made him breathe a most devout, heartfelt prayer, "O my God, don't let that hit me!"

He dropped—crumpled up, completely collapsed on the ground. But he did not get there fast enough. As he was falling, the whole world blew up. It was indescribable, that crash of sound, so loud one could not hear it. It seemed to hit him all over at once—everything seemed to stop functioning altogether. He got to his feet, his head throbbing, his ears banging, and his legs wobbling a bit as he tried to get his balance and stay up. He put his hand to his head in a dazed way, to wipe away from his mind the foggiest that seemed to surround it.

Another crash came and knocked him down. Again he got up. The blue layers of smoke were lying all about him, layer on layer, quiet and still, with the trees showing in between. He turned around, and still he saw those horizontal layers of blue smoke. He couldn't think, or move away from where he stood.<sup>1</sup>

In 1918, this soldier would have been tagged "shell shocked," and given the general, inefficient treatment then used. "Shell shock," as it was originally used, was correct enough—it meant injury or concussion caused by the blast of an exploding bomb. But gradually the term came to include almost every variation of neurosis or hysteria. The expression was caught up quickly by the public and became established before the harm could be prevented. When it had been accepted officially, medical officers were forced to use it, mainly because they did not feel justified in making a more definite diagnosis for each case which was different from all the rest. They felt that by tagging the soldier "shell shocked" they would spare him the shame and anguish of having his condition described as a mental disorder. Actually, the effect produced often caused the soldier's condition to become worse.

In this war, shell shock is not mentioned. Soldiers are tagged "mentally exhausted." But it is not possible to wipe out shell shock by forbidding it a name. Instead we recognize the separate disorders which were all included under that general heading.

<sup>1</sup>"Shell-Shocked and After," *Atlantic Monthly*, CXXVIII (December, 1921), p. 739.



When doctors find cases which have been caused by the blast of an explosion, they call them "blast concussion." This condition is to be expected after an explosion and has nothing to do with mental or moral virtues. In blast concussion, there is actual injury to the body fluids, especially those of the brain. In fatal cases, hemorrhages have been found throughout the brain substance.<sup>2</sup>

But it is not this division of shell shock that we are most interested in, for only four to ten percent of all the shell shock cases of World War I were caused by the blast of exploding shells. All the rest were emotional disturbances and mental disorders.<sup>3</sup> It is these emotional cases which have challenged doctors and psychiatrists to search for an effective treatment of war neuroses. In this war, the emotional factor is being recognized as one of the most important, and treatment for "traumatic war neurosis," as it is now called, is being developed on the war fronts.

The question is raised: Why, if only a few of the shell shock cases of World War I were actually caused by exploding shells, were so many thousands of broken, hysterical soldiers sent back to the United States to fill our mental hospitals? Many authorities argue that war does not increase the ordinary types of mental disease, and that it has not produced any unheard-of forms. But why were there so many more cases than we have in peacetime?

In order to answer the question, we must remember that one of the greatest sources of breakdown is intense and frequently repeated emotion. In civil life we experience grief and anxiety, but we are given time to be relieved of our worry; we can get a night of sleep to help us carry on the struggle the next day. To the soldier, sleep may be impossible, not necessarily because of his mental state, but simply from the lack of opportunity because of the disturbances going on around him. The emotional strain is continuous—it keeps up night and day for months.

In previous wars, this strain found an outlet in face-to-face fighting. The soldier's fear and grief were lost in the anger and excitement of a personal fight with a personal enemy. But in the last war and in this one, soldiers have not been given this one vent for their pent-up emotions. Each man must lie in a shallow trench, waiting for an enemy he cannot see, realizing that any moment he may be shelled or strafed by machine gun bullets. Add to this emotional strain the grief of seeing comrades killed or wounded. Then when a shell does explode near-by or he is buried by a mine explosion, the soldier's will snaps and he becomes a victim of war neurosis. The symptoms differ with each man, depending upon his mental and physical condition and upon the incident which becomes "the last straw."

<sup>2</sup>"Shell Shock of First War Now is Blast Concussion," *Science News Letter*, XL (August 30, 1941), p. 142.

<sup>3</sup>Lord Southborough, "Shell-Shock," *Living Age*, CCCXV (October 14, 1922), p. 71.

The effects of neuroses are as pathetic as they are horrible. Imagine yourself on a visit in a base hospital in France in 1918, going through a ward of shell shock patients. Some of the men cannot see; others are deaf or mute. One man suffers a complete paralysis of his right side. Nearly all have a tremor of some sort, and many stare wildly when spoken to. The nurse tells us that, in their dreams, the patients relive their horrible experiences, jumping out of bed to crawl under, seeking the safety of the "fox-holes." Sometimes they start up in the middle of the night, weeping, their bodies bathed in sweat as they dream of being chased by Germans with bayonets, or of losing the trench in a fog and being unable to get back. Loss of memory is not unusual among shell shock victims, and recovery is as sudden as the loss.

When doctors in World War I met these symptoms, they were bewildered. They knew that a few cowardly men were pretending the symptoms of shell shock so that they might get away from front-line fighting. Because of these few, the true neurosis victims suffered harsh treatment. They grew worse as they were given tedious, annoying work, and were called "yellow" by the other men. They were given bitter medicine, and were allowed no visitors, no mail. It was thought that, if they were pretending, they would choose to return to their units rather than endure such suffering. Because of this harsh, inefficient treatment, few recovered. Their neuroses became fixed and they were sent back to the United States to become public charges.

When it was too late, the doctors realized that the men were not malingerers, but true sufferers of war neuroses. Determining not to make the same mistake in World War II, doctors experimented with new types of treatment.

During the Sicilian Campaign, victims of war neuroses were given sedatives, fed well, and kept well under soldier, rather than patient, discipline. Under the hypnosis produced by barbiturate drugs and their sodium salts, the patients were persuaded to tell their nightmare stories. Then a psychiatrist explained to them what had happened and why, talking hearteningly to bolster their egos. After a few weeks' rest (or often only a few days' treatment) many of the men were much improved, showing no signs of the worst neurosis symptoms, but only two percent of the patients could be returned to the front.<sup>4</sup>

Then in South Africa, two doctors, Majors Hanson and Tureen, experimented with ninety-five cases by treating them right at the front within the sound of guns, under frequent air raids. They gave them the quick "talk treatment," using drugs to loosen their tongues if they were backward. Of these cases, sixty were returned to duty within four days. When forty-four of these men were checked again in three weeks, all but five had seen hard

<sup>4</sup>F. C. Painton, "There Is No Such Thing as Shell Shock," *Reader's Digest*, XLIII (October, 1943), p. 61.

fighting and were performing adequately. Most of the remaining thirty-five men were able to do rear-line duty.<sup>5</sup>

An example of the effect of this new type of treatment was related by Dr. Hanson: "A young tank driver had been in constant fighting for many days. At the battle of Kasserine Pass the tank's sergeant, his head out of the turret, was struck in the face by an eighty-eight shell. The headless body fell back into the tank beside the driver. The youth stopped the tank, climbed out and began to run around and around, wringing his hands. He was brought to us crying and physically worn out. We gave him sedatives and food, and explained to him what had happened. At the end of four days he returned to his unit and fought through the rest of the campaign."<sup>6</sup>

Although it is too early to know what will be the outcome of treatment administered in this war, the immediate results have been encouraging. Colonel Perrin Long, formerly of Johns Hopkins, now on the medical staff in North Africa, has this to say on the subject: "The greatest achievement of medicine in North Africa is the development of a durative treatment that is redeeming war neurosis cases either for combat duty or for useful non-combatant work in the rear. Best of all, these fellows can and will be discharged into peacetime life able to make the adjustment and do productive work."<sup>7</sup>

We can only hope that time will prove Colonel Long's statement.

<sup>5</sup>F. C. Painton, "There Is No Such Thing as Shell Shock," p. 61.

<sup>6</sup>"Spit It Out, Soldier," *Time*, XLII (September 13, 1943), p. 60.

<sup>7</sup>*Ibid.*

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#### Snow Broom

The snowstorm created a new Chicago—round-eyed and innocent. Traffic noise became a soothing lullaby that brought back memories of children's prayers. Purity fell on tenement fire-escapes, concealing corroded stairways and their miserable landings. Hidden were the filthy roof-tops, grimy gutters, the dirt and squalor that are the big city. Not washed clean, but covered with a superficial splendor, much as a trollop covers old powder with new. Also gone was the hurry, the mad scramble to be forever doing something or going somewhere. Snow-blind shoppers staggered against the wind, groping their way with unseeing eyes, or stood shivering in doorways—waiting. Old and young, hawkers and millionaires, thrown into a fleeting equality.—CAROL QUIMBY



# Saturday Night

NANCY GRAY

*Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1943-1944*

THE SILENT, REGULARLY BREATHING MOUND BENEATH a heap of covers stirred half-heartedly at the pressure of a hand near the top of the quilt.

"Wake up, Mary," said a voice from a particularly dark spot beside the bed. "It's eight o'clock!"

As the silhouette padded out of the room, the mound of covers slowly shifted and the body beneath drew itself into them, like a turtle, to cherish the warmth for a last delicious moment before springing out. Her right foot made a tour under the bed and caught a slipper with a toe. Not finding the other in the dark, she limped out of the frigid dormitory, the cold floor biting at the skin of her bare foot.

Her eyes became accustomed to the insistent brightness of her room, and she squinted first at her roommate standing, half dressed, in front of her mirror, and then at the clock on the wide window sill. She had an hour.

An hour and Bill will be here! She sat down on the edge of the day bed to wonder luxuriously what the night would hold. Saturday night was the most wonderful night in the week. It was one time when you could forget about school and work and exams, and even the little pangs of conscience that rule you during the week couldn't make you sorry you were having a good time.

"Hey, there, moonface—you've got a date at nine o'clock."

"I'm getting ready."

Bill had never seen her in a formal. She hoped, oh, how she hoped she'd be lovely. She caught up the skirt of her white chiffon dress and let its cool folds slide between her thumb and finger. She flung the bottom of the skirt over her shoulder to see again how the white made the remnants of last summer's tan glow. A graceful step brought her to the mirror. The sudden vision of wrinkled flannel pajamas and tightly curled hair shocked her mind and body into action, and she threw a towel over her shoulder and headed for the shower.

The water hissed out at the turn of the chromium handle, and its hot beating on her skin lulled her mind. Dum dee dum dee dee—dee dum dee dee dum. The strains of a waltz played haphazardly on her vocal cords as if too much bent on getting out to bother with technicalities. Finally she tensed her muscles as if to ward off a blow and turned on the cold water. At that precise moment her buzzer sounded and she howled that two such things should happen at once.

"What time is it!" she yelled frantically to her roommate as she scrambled out of the shower, groping for the soap with one arm and embracing a wet towel with the other.

"It can't have been that long! He must be early!"

With the concerted action that comes with long practice, the two girls got Mary ready. While she put on her stockings, her roommate tore the bobby pins out of her hair, collecting them in the palm of a closed fist. Finally they zipped her into the beloved dress and she stepped back to see as far down as she could in the high dresser mirror.

For a last precious moment, she stood in front of her mirror and surveyed herself. Her hand went to her hair to smooth a strand that didn't need it. She wet her fingers, drew them across her eyebrows, and leaned close to scrutinize the edges of her lipstick.

She picked up her wrap and moved toward the door, half turning when she got there.

"Bye, Mildred. Am I all right?"

"You're wonderful. Have fun."

She started cautiously down the stairs, gaining assurance on the way down. On the second flight, she let go of her skirt and straightened her shoulders. Just before turning into the reception hall, she paused, took a deep breath, lifted her chin, and let herself down, step by step into the hall.

Bill was in the living room fumbling indifferently with a pile of records. She stood there behind him for a moment, remembering the way he looked from the back. Sensing her presence, he turned, expectancy charging his whole face. She walked over toward him and his eye followed her as if she were a lodestone.

"I am right," she thought fiercely. "He thinks so—I can tell."

The thought warmed her and she said with an assurance which had sprung from his admiration, "Hello, Bill. Am I late?"

## Swimming Race

The starter grasped his gun and raised his arm. "Swimmers on the mark—ready"—Bang! With a tremendous splash all six of us hit the water together, though I, true to form, had fallen in whereas the others had dived. I immediately straightened out and began swimming furiously to make up the loss I had suffered at the start. My kicking legs thrashed up white foam as I slowly but steadily gained on my opponents. Reaching the edge of the pool, which was the half-way mark, I executed a very neat spinning turn and headed back towards the finish line. My breath came in gasps, my arms felt like lead, but I kept on, certain of a victory. As I crossed the finish line and slapped the edge of the pool amid a thunderous ovation, I saw the scorekeeper put his megaphone to his lips and heard him say, "Forty-yard free style won by Clemens, Crane Tech. Second, Wilson, Roosevelt; third, Pilfer, Steinmetz!" By the way, my name's Holden.

— MERRILL HOLDEN

# Police Station on Sunday

ELAINE SELL

*Rhetoric II, Theme 2, 1943-1944*

THE POLICE STATION WAS OF GRAY STONE; ITS REGULATION blue watch lights cast a garish gleam through a gray Sunday afternoon. High, irregularly chipped stone steps led through the battered wooden door upon which the characters "15th District" were faintly visible beneath the most recent coat of paint. The solid, semi-circular desk, complete with cubby holes, iron railing, and an artistically lettered sign which proclaimed to all comers that Sergeant John Lynch was on duty dominated the room. Across the dusty, deeply scarred and marked bench adjacent to the side of the desk, a reporter lounged soddently, reaching over occasionally to tickle the belly of a smoke-colored kitten. Behind the desk Sergeant Lynch, his face reflecting sultry discontent, reported dutifully to his captain and resettled himself into gloomy lethargy. The teletype machine, which transmits reports of city lawlessness, clicked on endlessly behind a door decorated with a bulletin on policemen's compensation flanked by an extravagant Petty drawing and a gaudy notice warning all to refrain from spitting, except in cuspidors. In one corner the occasional drip of water from a dirty, outmoded drinking fountain punctuated the damp mustiness of the room. The flat surface of the desk was completely covered with an accumulation of odd items: a battered coffee pot, surrounded forlornly by several even more dented tin cups, telephones, mammoth volumes labeled conspicuously "Accidents," "Thefts," and "Miscellaneous," a multitude of reports and records, anonymous in the litter, and, over all, a layer of dust which added an appearance of unconcern and complete timelessness.

Occasional sounds broke the rhythmical dullness of the ticking. Three men, two bearing violins, the third sheltering a horn beneath his coat, who had traveled unhailed and unnoticed across the floor and down the stairway to the "lockup," contributed the strains of "There's a Beautiful Garden of Roses" and other evangelical hymns to the pervading gloom. Once or twice the jangle of the telephone bell evoked a movement and a disgruntled "District 15" from the Captain. The stillness deepened after each interruption. The reporter fell asleep, and the smoke-colored kitten curled up sluggishly on the Sunday comic section under the desk.



# Goodbye

RACHEL DAVIDSON

*Verbal Expression IA, Theme 6, 1943-1944*

LAST MARCH MY BROTHER RICHARD, AN INSTRUCTOR at Camp Davis, North Carolina, came home for a short furlough. When his furlough was over, he had to report to his company, immediately after which he was to go overseas. We all realized that when he left we would be saying goodbye to him for a long time—maybe for years, and maybe forever. These thoughts made it very difficult for Richard and my family when it was time for him to leave.

The first mistake we made when he left was to go to the depot early. We had almost an hour to wait in that dingy and dark depot before the train was to leave. My parents, my sister, Richard's wife, Richard, and I sat on the straight and uncomfortable benches vainly trying to keep up a cheerful conversation, but it was no use because everyone knew any cheerful talk was artificial and forced. Every once in a while there would be a dead silence, in which everyone, I think, could read Richard's thoughts. He sat there staring at his hands, thinking over each detail, realizing only too much that these were the last moments he would spend with us for a long time. As we sat there in silence, once in a while he would raise his eyes and stare at someone as if he were trying to memorize each detail of his face so that his memories would be clearer in the days to come.

Finally the train pulled into the station and all of us went through the crowds to go with him to the train. Then for a few minutes we stood there, making a last attempt at being cheerful as he told us all goodbye. But when the conductor called "All aboard," the worst happened. His wife and mother couldn't control their emotions any more and began sobbing. It was very hard for him to control his emotions but his pride forced him to. He acted very unconcerned and almost angry with us. It hurt him very much to do this because he knew he was hurting us, but it was the only way he could tell us goodbye without breaking down too. At last the train pulled out with Richard standing on the platform, waving nonchalantly. When the train pulled around the curve, Richard must have thought it was out of sight, for he put his head down in his arms on the railing. For a brief second we saw him like that and then he was gone—gone for no one knows how long.

# Return to Nature

ROBERT GROLL

*Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1943-1944*

THE EXPERIENCES WHICH THRILL ME TIME AND TIME again always seem to be closely associated with the great outdoors. I shall never forget the first primitive lean-to I made.

The evening shadows were long and slanting as I reached the top of a small knoll, equipped with ax, hunting knife, food, and a sleeping bag. Two straight young saplings furnished support for the beams of my lean-to. The structure was completed in thirty minutes. I made certain that the leaves slanted downward, to shed the rain which might come.

As I lay down under the shelter, my mind was clear. My mood was a thoughtful one. I watched the smoke from my cigarette curl slowly upward, a trivial incident in ordinary life—that night in the woods it was fascinating. How strange and interesting all the movements and sounds seemed to me. It was as if all my senses were keyed to an acute pitch—noticing each moving leaf, and hearing all the forest sounds. I sensed the cave-man's deep appreciation of fire as the coals from my cooking fire cast weird light patterns on the tree boughs overhead. A rustle in the brush made my pounding heart burst with anxiety. It was my first night out alone.

I rolled over on my back, finding the uneven ground extremely discouraging to sleeping. I began to think of my friends, my home, my church, and finally of life itself. I sought an answer in the starlit sky, in the fresh earth under my head. In an unusually clear manner the answer came to me. The riddle of life cannot be solved. Man is born to eke out his existence, exactly like all other animals. He is not better or worse than other forms of life.

Such heavy thoughts possessed me all through that hot September night. They were unusual to my light nature. I can explain them only as results of my "return to nature." I can imagine that these were the thoughts running through savage brains many years ago. What more important thing can one think about than the question of life itself?

Many times during the past few years I have yearned for a certain knoll in the forest near my town. With my mind clouded with the superficial problems of production, money, war, movies, and clothes, I have found a certain relief in thinking of my escape from the caustic modern life. I think of my lean-to in the woods, and I am glad that I have a retreat to nature where I can focus my mind on such problems as have troubled man throughout the ages. My "returns to nature" are infrequent now, but when they occur, I know that their effect is priceless in stabilizing a troubled mind.

# Hydrophobia

NORMAN SMULEVITZ

*Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1943-1944*

FOR SOME MONTHS PAST I HAVE WITNESSED THE meeting of an irresistible force and an immovable object. The irresistible force is my desire to have my twelve-year-old cousin, who is temporarily in my care, take a bath. The immovable object is Robert himself, who keeps as far away from a bath tub as is possible in a modern and urban society. Belonging as I do to the sex which even in the time of Solomon washed to its elbows, I found it hard to believe that there was anything congenital about a boy's desire to avoid water. Given a dirty boy, warm water, plenty of soap, and a fluffy dry towel, why shouldn't there be a bath, I asked. I was soon to learn the answers—many answers.

At first the reasons were prosaic. Robert didn't think he had time for a bath before school. By the time we finished arguing on that first morning, Robert was right; but the next morning I filled the tub, and before Robert's eyes and wits were fully opened I had him hustled from his bed to the bathroom door. The results were indifferently good, but by the third morning Robert had discovered that by dawdling long enough he could make himself late for school, and so the morning bath was tacitly abandoned.

After the first week I capitulated to the extent of compromise. Now some nights are bath nights, and some are not. On the latter, our apartment is as serene as a convent garden; but on bath nights the train dispatcher at the Illinois Central Station is not so busy as my cousin is. All the clubs to which he belongs hold long sessions; teachers assign extraordinary amounts of homework; visitors and telephones are imminent from dinner on past bedtime. As each excuse wears thin under what I strive to make a hard and cold brown eye, more imagination develops. The most elaborate, though least successful flight of fancy, was a sprained ankle carefully bandaged by Robert about an hour before bath time. In his opinion the bandage could not be removed; in mine, especially after I caught him limping with the wrong foot, a good soaking in hot water was just what Robert's ankle needed, not to mention the rest of him.

Properly handled, boys take to water like ducks. Maybe this is true. Exhausted as I am from a two months' sanitation campaign, I can summon strength for only two random shots: first, the greatest king of ancient Israel picked out the boys from the girls by the amount of water they did not apply to their bodies; and, second, six out of ten women wishing to usher them-



selves from a depressing world jump into a river, whereas most men prefer a dry exit with a pistol. Maybe some boys are different, but I doubt it.

In fact, I am beginning to wonder if the magnificent impulse that started man on his upward climb through the ages was no more than a normal masculine reaction to the repugnant water found in primordial ooze.

## The Endless Trail

LEONARD McCLISH

*Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1943-1944*

YOU WILL NEVER QUIT THE ROAD, JUST WAIT AND see." I scoffed at him, and we separated at the next road junction. I did not like him, for he had poor ideals and almost no goal in life; but the words he spoke were true.

I have known many of his kind, wanderers all through life. There are two kinds of wanderers, those who travel physically and those who travel mentally. Those who must confine their search of the world's wonders to their own brain we call scientists; we call those who are brazen enough actually to explore the world, minus education and worldly goods, tramps. Both are alike in one respect: they search the trail of daily life seeking something which is beyond, some invisible medium in which there will be happiness.

As a boy I followed the railroad tracks which ran through our town. At first I would follow them only to a certain spot; later I would go a little farther, and a little farther, until it took me all day to make the trip. The trip took more and more time because I always wanted to see what was around the next curve. Even now I cannot look down a broad concrete speedway without asking myself what lies beyond the distant farmhouse or hill.

As a young man, but very much like a little boy who has found means to realize his fondest desires, I have traversed thousands of miles into all kinds of country. I have walked over snow-covered mountains, trudged through the north woods, tramped over the desert. Yet something is still wanting, and there is yet some intangible desire that I must fulfill. It does not lie around the bend of the tracks, but it does lie ahead, on the road of human thought which only a well-trained mind can traverse.

Now I must travel down the long road which the scientist must follow, the mental road. That is what I want because my two feet cannot satisfy my desire to know what lies beyond. I can watch other people as they stumble along, and I can laugh at them or take heed, and not make the same mistakes.

But all this is only to attain this unpredictable goal. At times I think I see the image of what I am seeking, but it always fades into the mist and the road is as black as the night that lies on either side of the day. But while I am in the darkness I have the consolation of knowing tomorrow will bring some new future to the present, and make an unforgettable memory of the past.

My rough friend was right when he told me the road would always call and beckon to me. It surely must be a hypnotic gaze that makes me cling to its trodden path, when I do not always realize that joy and laughter are ahead. My life is "but a camp beside the roadside of new, high hopes, the quest unfinished, and the endless, resistless urge of the Almost."

### **The Silver Dragon**

There within a sword's cast slept the creature, its body quiet save for the twitching of its tail and the even pulsing of its lungs, still save for the faint swishing of the dozen silver strands of hair at its tail-end and for the sighing of its breath. Its silver armour caught every sun beam and shied it into our faces. Its slim body, curled among the stones, reflected now the gray rock and ecru sands, now the sea and the blanched wave-crests of the deep sky, the lilac-winged gull; yet it was ever silver. Two delicately curved horns projected above a low knoll which hid the beast's head. They were two miniature poles in ivory, tapering side by side to points without breadth.

The gracile line of the creature broke only to show one silver hind-claw, three-pronged, to show the soft, shell-pink pit of its crooked forefoot. A triple row of bumps columned down its back—bumps shrinking from three great bubbles above its shoulders to three silver peas on its tail, all perfectly matched as pearls in a necklace. Its armour was like lace—coarse to include its hips, intricate as it merged into belly. Each flawlessly fashioned link fitted in a pattern of lozenges and rhombs and poly-shaped wedges. — PHYLLIS RARICK

### **Airplane Pilot**

I watched him as he drank his tea, and I seriously considered smashing the tea pot over his ridiculous mop of rusty-red hair. For Jupiter's sake, didn't this dope realize that he was going on a suicide ride? Talking about the shortage of sugar and the relative merits of English and American tea! Perhaps I was on the wrong side of the fence? Maybe God had somehow or other switched people and it was he that was to parley with the servicemen and I that was to climb into that airplane that sat but fifty yards away, the airplane that had caused the death of four men in the past five weeks. I glanced at him and my heart beat furiously for this ruddy-cheeked Englishman who had walked into that door just three days before and who would probably never walk in again. Johnny sat across from him rattling out wind directions, statistics, calculations, and warnings. Johnny was All-American. He never would have sat like this—not Johnny. He would have pored over books and calculated to the minutest detail his chances of survival. But the Englishman just sat there, paying no attention to the eager advice being offered. He finished his cup of tea and looked up at me.

"Best cup of tea I've had in the States."

— ESTHER FALKOFF



# Embarkation

MATTHEW GLENN

*Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1943-1944*

THE TIME WE ALL HAD BEEN WAITING FOR AND EXPECTING had arrived—embarkation! Months had been spent in anticipation. Now at last we were actually shouting “Here!” in answer to the First Sergeant as he made the final check. He was making sure no one let his homesickness get the better of him. One of the men could actually see his house, as the ferry which had carried us chugged its way to the loading docks.

Everyone was happy while on the ferry. The men were either singing to the accompaniment of the band as it played *Over There* in a lilting manner, or making jokes about the Battery Clerk as he struggled, sweat, and cursed in an attempt to force his way through the tangle of massed G. I.'s and equipment. His plight was no laughing matter, for besides his own gear he was further burdened with the field desk. Anyone would have laughed; however, at the way his helmet kept banging down over his eyes, and the way his barracks bag would roll off his shoulder, securely anchoring him until it was again precariously perched on his rather narrow shoulder. Yes, it was a happy crowd, but the mood changed.

Perhaps it was the size of the loading shed and the accompanying feeling of insignificance that subdued the jovial mood. The shed was gigantic. I still can't get the idea out of my mind that there were clouds in the top of it. Maybe the thought that the huge ship which squatted beside us would soon be carrying us far from the familiar and tangible way of life had something to do with it. Whatever it was, everyone seemed to sink into a trance. Each man was steeped so completely in his thoughts he became oblivious to the activity about him.

This probably accounts for my own dreamlike memories of that experience. My own thoughts were a jumble of excitement, anticipation, calm, and dread, with a few distinct recollections of irrelevant details. I distinctly remember thinking that all women are alike as I watched two nurses, nattily attired in dress uniforms, frantically searching through piles of luggage for their own belongings. The dock hands were duly irritated. One of the privates in my section seemed to have a great affinity for the coffee and doughnut vending Red Cross girl; he seemed to think that if he didn't get one more helping he would never eat again. I had a difficult time getting him back in line before we moved into position before the gangplank. Most of all I remember the feeling of complete isolation as I walked up the gangplank. Each man, as his name was called, would shoulder his barracks



bag, hitch up his pack, take a firm hold on his overcoat, twist his rifle around to keep it from gouging his thigh, and start the ascent. As he boarded the gangplank, the man would emerge from the gloom of the shed to be vividly illuminated in the glare of the floodlight which hung above. He would momentarily be the focus of thousands of pairs of eyes, until he disappeared in the dark, cave-like hole in the side of the ship. The gangplank couldn't have been over twenty-five feet long, but it seemed like a mile to me.

## Rhet as Writ

As its striking point cannot be accurately predicted by the Germans, the robot bomb's victims are more often than not, men, women, and children.

. . . .

I would be up to my elbows in soap-suds and you would be drying them.

. . . .

Hawthorne had a very unhappy boyhood as his father died when he was four.

. . . .

The book also serves to broaden the mind of the person who thinks that only a good German is a dead one.

. . . .

As far as I ever knew she had never even looked at a man, but as things turned out it was obvious that she had.

. . . .

In this great man-made park [Forest Park] there is a fine zoo which contains animals from all walks of life.

. . . .

One evening the bartender was having a little trouble with his woman. I say his woman because she wasn't his financee or even his girl friend.

. . . .

At this remark, I began laughing and planting osculations over his kind old face.